Thus doſt thou heare the nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe, that ſtandeſt as his pray?
Submisſiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue(poore ſoule)what art thou then?
Food for his rage,repaſture for his den.
Quee. What plume of fethers is he that indited this letter?
What vaine? What Wethercock? Did you euer heare better?
Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the ſtile.
Quee. Els your memorie is bad,going ore it erewhile.
Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court,
A Phantaſime a Monarcho,and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.
Quee. Thou fellow,a worde.
Who gaue thee this letter?
Clow. I tolde you my Lord.
Quee. To whom ſhouldſt thou giue it?
Clow. From my Lord to my Ladie.
Quee. From which Lord, to which Ladie?
Clow. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good Maiſter of mine,
To a Ladie of France,that he calde *Roſaline*.
Quee. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here ſweete,put vp this,twilbe thine annother day.
Boy. Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?
Roſa. Shall I teach you to know.
Boy. I my continent of beautie.
Roſa. Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.
Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
hang me by the necke, if horns that yeere miſcarrie.
Finely put on.
Roſa. Well then I am the ſhooter.
Boy. And who is your Deare?
Roſa. If we chooſe by the hornes, your ſelfe come not
neare. Finely put on in deede.
Maria. You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes
at the brow.
Boyet. But ſhe her ſelfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her now?
Roſa. Shall I come vpon thee with an olde ſaying, that
was